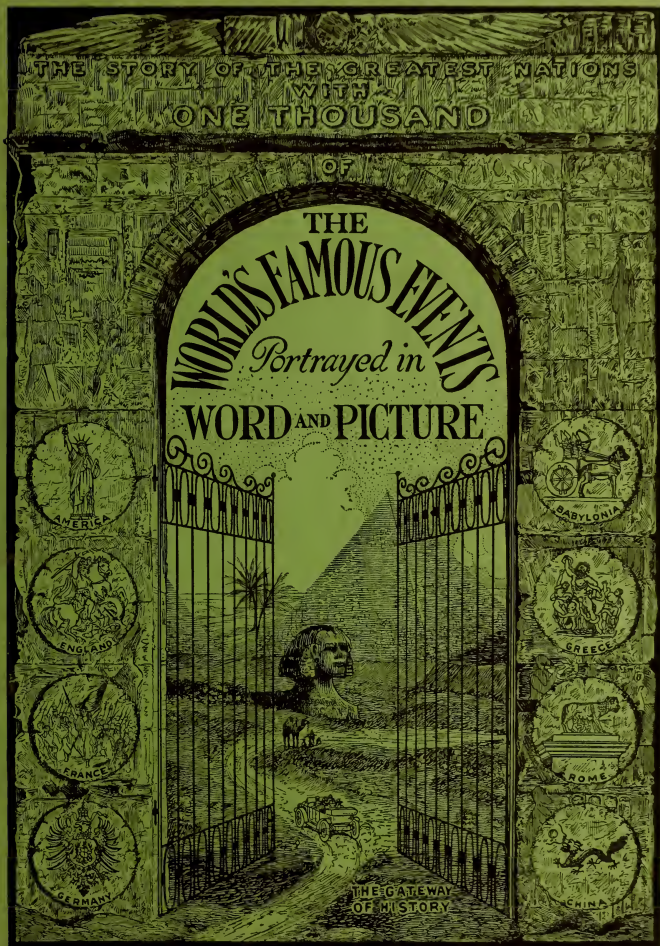


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ACHILLES LOSES BRISEIS

(The Fair Princess Is Led from Her Lover's Tent to That of the King)

From the painting by H. Händler, a contemporary German artist

CHIEF of the heroes of the siege of Troy was Achilles. He was a prince of Thessaly in Greece, and his mother was said to have been the sea-nymph Thetis. He was very young when the Greeks set out to attack Troy, so his mother, knowing that he was destined to perish in the war, hid him as a girl among the maidens of the court. Here he was found by the clever Ulysses, who was gathering the reluctant Greek princes for the war. Ulysses discovered Achilles by coming as a merchant among the court women. Each picked up such of his wares as pleased her, and young Achilles seized upon the weapons of war.

As their leader in the struggle against Troy, the Greek princes chose Agamemnon, the king of Mycenæ. A jealousy sprang up at once between Agamemnon and Achilles, who could ill brook any leadership; and this enmity at length flashed into open quarrel. Each of them in the war had captured a fair princess as his prisoner. Agamemnon's prize was the daughter of a priest, and to stay a pestilence among the Greeks she was restored to her father. Agamemnon then demanded that Achilles' prize, the beautiful Briseis, should be given him instead. Achilles had been occupied in subduing all the lesser cities dependent upon Troy. In one of these he had captured Briseis and had learned to love her. When he was compelled to surrender her, he sank into such depths of despair and anger that he would no longer fight. He refused to lend any further help whatever to the Greeks.







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THE LANCET

The Lancet is a weekly medical journal published in London. It is one of the most influential and oldest medical journals in the world. The journal covers a wide range of topics in medicine, including clinical practice, public health, and medical research. It is known for its high standards of accuracy and its commitment to providing up-to-date information to the medical community. The Lancet is published by the Lancet Publishing Group, which is part of the Elsevier publishing house. The journal has a long history of being a leading voice in the medical profession, and it continues to be one of the most respected and read medical journals today.





HECTOR'S FAREWELL

(The Trojan Champion Rides Forth to His Last Battle)

A painting by the noted contemporary French artist, A. P. R. Maignan

THE city of Troy lay in Asia Minor on the shore of the Ægean Sea. Indeed the whole story of the Trojan war implies that it was a contest between the Greeks of Europe, led by Sparta and Mycenæ, and the Asiatic branch of a somewhat similar race, headed by the Trojans. Most of the war seems to have consisted not in any direct attack upon Troy, but in a siege of that city by part of the Greeks while the rest ravaged the other lands and cities allied with the Trojans. Only after destroying the last of these cities did the Greeks, in the tenth year of the war, concentrate their forces against Troy itself.

The Trojan warriors were as mighty as those of Agamemnon. The king of Troy was the aged and righteous Priam, who had nineteen children, the chief of whom were the valiant Hector and the handsome Paris, he who had stolen Helen from Sparta. Hector and Paris serve as antitheses. Paris with his wicked love for Helen was also idle, false, and slothful; though the war was waged in his defence he dallied in the bower with Helen rather than take the field. Hector on the contrary was an ideal gentleman, wedded to Andromache, a most noble wife who urged him to do battle for his country. Their last meeting was that depicted here, when she and his baby son saluted him as he went to the fight which ended in his death.







THE VENGEANCE OF ACHILLES

(He Drags the Body of Hector at His Chariot Wheels)

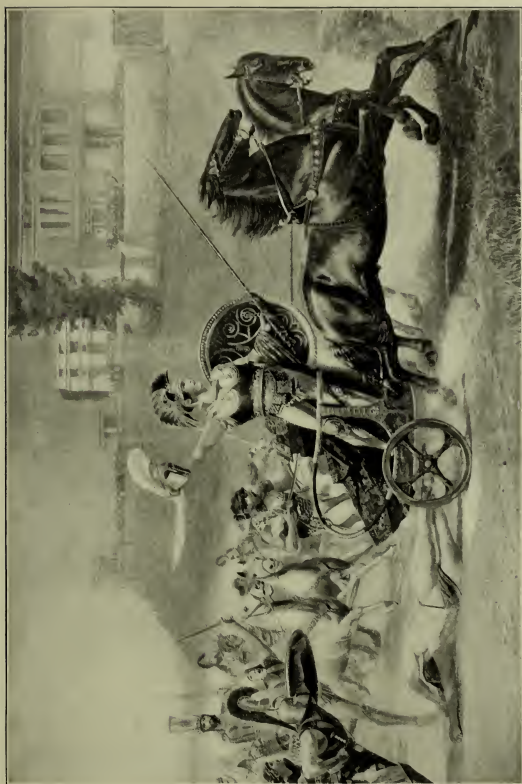
From the painting by the recent German artist, R. von Deutsch

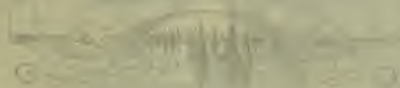
DURING the period while Achilles mourned in his tent for Briseis and took no part in the war, Hector defeated the Greeks repeatedly. At length Achilles, though still refusing to fight, loaned his armor to his friend Patroclus. The mere sight of that dreaded armor put the mass of the Trojans to flight; but Hector, fresh from the encouragement of Andromache, met the supposed Achilles valiantly, and slew him.

The real Achilles, roused by the death of his friend, then came forward and met Hector in the chief combat of the war. Hector was slain. The story as Homer told it was that divine fear overcame him at thought of the supernatural nature of his foe, and that he fled, pursued by Achilles, thrice round the walls of Troy. But Virgil says that it was after Hector's fall that Achilles, still furious for his friend's death, lashed the feet of the fallen Hector to the rear of the victor's chariot and so dragged the body thrice round the walls of the city. Priam and all the Trojans, who were gathered on the city walls, beheld with unbridled despair the loss of their chief hero.

The death of Achilles followed soon after. The treacherous Paris, not daring to meet Achilles in the field, shot him from ambush with an arrow that pierced his heel and killed him.





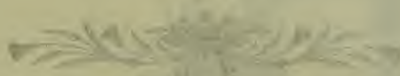


THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS

IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE FIRST VOLUME.
CONTAINING THE HISTORY
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE YEAR 1700.

LONDON:
Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
1765.





THE BUILDING OF THE HORSE

(The Greek Stratagem which Conquered Troy)

By Giovanni-Battista Tiepolo, the noted Venetian painter, 1696-1770

ONE after another the chief warriors on either side were slain in the great siege of Troy. Paris himself perished, and the fickle Helen found another mate. And still the city remained defiant, its walls impregnable. At length the shrewd Ulysses suggested the capture of the city by stratagem. At his command the Greeks built a vast horse of wood; it was hollow and was filled with soldiers. Then the other Greeks sailed away in their ships, leaving the horse alone upon the shore. The Trojans poured out of their city to rejoice, and were told by a pretended deserter that the horse was a divine protection which would make their city unconquerable forever. At that, they dragged the unwieldy thing inside their walls. Several prophets among them warned them of their danger. One drove a spear into the side of the horse, and a wounded Greek within it groaned. Yet the Trojans were determined; the horse entered the city.

That same night the hidden soldiers crept cautiously out and opened the city gates. The Greeks who had sailed away had come back in the night. They rushed madly into Troy, and the city was conquered. It was given over to flame and slaughter. Helen was seized and given back to Menelaus. The object of the ten years' war was at length accomplished, and Troy existed no more.







ULYSSES' LAST TRICK

(The Crafty Warrior Rescues His Own Kingdom from its Despoilers)

Drawn by the contemporary German artist, E. Limmer

FEW of the Greek victors at Troy regained a peaceful supremacy over their own kingdoms. Each had his own adventures and was driven by the Fates through strange experiences. Most world-renowned of these wanderers was Ulysses, the shrewdest and among the mightiest of the Greek chieftains. He had incurred the enmity of the sea-god Neptune, and for ten years he was buffeted by the waves and driven from land to land, unable to regain his own home, the island of Ithaca.

When at length he did reach Ithaca he came alone and beggared, and found his palace in possession of a throng of suitors each insisting that he would wed the wife of the long-lost Ulysses and so become king. Penelope, the faithful wife of the wanderer, had long kept them at bay by insisting that she must first finish a wondrous web of cloth she was weaving; and secretly each night she unwove what she had finished through the day. Ulysses disposed of the turbulent suitors by appearing among them as a beggar, and proposing that they should try to bend and string the mighty old bow of Ulysses which had hung for all these years upon the wall. When no other could string it, he himself did so; and being then recognized by his son and his few surviving old servants, he used the bow to shoot the more dangerous of the suitors. Thus he reconquered his kingdom.







THE SONG OF HOMER

(The Assembled Greeks Listen to the Inspiration of Patriotic Poetry)

*From the painting by the noted French artist, Baron François Gérard,
1770-1837*

THE great song of the Siege of Troy that has come down to us was sung by Homer, the most celebrated of the poets of antiquity. Homer's song did much to cultivate a feeling of nationality among the Greeks. They felt that, since they had once all united to accomplish a great deed, they might unite again. Each city took pride in its place in the list of those which had sent ships to Troy, and chanted the praise of its own heroes in the war.

Of Homer himself we know little except that he thus sang of Troy about the year 860 B.C., some three centuries after the war itself. He was doubtless a professional singer who wandered with his harp from place to place. In those days the minstrel was not held in high repute, and though many cities have since claimed the honor of being Homer's birthplace, it is doubtful if any of them honored or even supported him when alive. On the whole, he seems most probably to have been born in Smyrna, a Greek colony in Asia Minor, and to have resided later on the island of Chios. He travelled much, and finally became blind, old, and poor.

Long after his death his poems were brought from Asia and introduced among the European Greeks. Tradition says this was done by the great Spartan law-giver Lycurgus, who wanted among other things to impress upon Greece that Sparta, as the originator of the Trojan expedition, was the legitimate leader of Greece.







THE LAWS OF LYCURGUS PROCLAIMED

(The Spartans Protest against the Severity of His Laws)

From a drawing by Emil Doepler, of Berlin

AS we begin to see definitely through the mists of Greek history, we find Sparta well established about the year 800 B.C. as the foremost state of Greece. Her power was largely due to the remarkable social organization which had been established by her celebrated law-giver Lycurgus. This noted ruler was, even more positively than Homer, an actual individual. He was a member of the royal house of Sparta in a time of tumult and civil war. His father and elder brother were both slain, and as the only surviving member of his race Lycurgus seized the throne, but when a boy was born to his brother's widow he resigned in the child's favor. Being accused of seeking to slay the infant, he withdrew into voluntary exile and spent years travelling in other countries seeking to learn by what laws they evaded the tumults which distracted his own land.

Returning at length when his nephew Charilaus was grown, Lycurgus found the disorder as wild as ever, so he persuaded the chief men to unite with him in seizing the power. He was made joint king with Charilaus and at once instituted the remarkable system of laws he had planned. So successfully did these pacify the state that the people hailed him as a god. Lycurgus then prepared to start on another journey and pledged all the people to uphold his laws till he returned. Then he left Sparta and never returned, so as thus to bind them forever to his laws.







THE SPARTAN LIFE

(Greek Girls Practising Athletic Sports)

After the painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the British Royal Academy, died 1896

THE Spartan state was in some ways the most remarkable of antiquity. Its citizens as an entire race were the most perfect physical specimens of manhood developed during any age, even our own. This they owed largely to their social organization. All Spartan men and boys were trained from childhood in the most active gymnastics, and also in the most stoical suppression of their feelings. At some early period the Spartans had conquered the neighboring race of Helots, and afterward held them as slaves. One Spartan custom in training youth was to set some of these Helots to feasting, encourage the slaves to drink wine, and then show the young Spartans the weakness and silliness of the drunken men. Another means of training was to send the youths out to steal, praising them if they were successful, but punishing them if through clumsiness or timidity or lack of craft they were caught in the attempt. Tradition tells us that a Spartan lad, having a stolen fox beneath his cloak, let the beast gnaw him to death rather than betray its presence by a single movement.

A similar training of body and of spirit was given to the Spartan girls, the future mothers of the race. They were brought up in the open air under the clear skies of Greece; they engaged in racing, ball-playing and other sports, as we see them in our picture here. Hence it was that the Greeks developed such an intense delight in the active physical side of life.







THE VICTORY OF DEATH

The Spartan, Ladas, Wins the Great Olympic Foot-Race and Falls Dead)

From a painting by F. M. Bennett, a contemporary English artist

THE beginning of authentic Greek history comes with the founding of the Olympic games. These were held every fourth year as a sort of religious festival in honor of the chief god Zeus; and so important were they considered that during their celebration a truce was proclaimed amid all the Greek cities. At other times the tiny states were continually fighting and plotting against one another; but on this great occasion the inhabitants of every city met at the shrine of Olympia in harmony as members of one religion. This was the beginning of their larger national life. They felt that they were all Greeks, all compatriots. So highly was victory in these games prized that each city devoted its best energies to training its contestants, and the various "Olympiads," or periods of four years separating the games, were named after the winner of the long-distance foot-race, which was the chief contest.

The earliest of these races of which we have any detailed knowledge was that won by Ladas. He was a Spartan youth, Sparta being foremost in these games as in all other Grecian affairs of those days. Ladas paid for victory with his life, falling dead at the feet of the judges even as they presented him with the palm of victory. This palm and a laurel wreath were the only direct rewards ever given to the victor; but the honor in which he was held would make him thereafter a leading man in his city. In Ladas' case, Sparta and several other cities erected statues to his memory, and his name became the traditional synonym for speed.







ABSTRACT OF THE REPORT

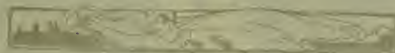
OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE, FOR THE YEAR 1871.

LONDON: PRINTED BY THE STATIONERY OFFICE, 1872.

THROUGHOUT the year 1871, the Commission of the Land Office, in pursuance of the provisions of the Land Revenue Act, 1870, have been engaged in the preparation of a report on the state of the land revenue, and on the measures proposed for its improvement. The report is divided into two parts, the first of which contains a statement of the revenue, and the second a statement of the measures proposed for its improvement.

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ARISTOMENES' STRANGE ESCAPE

(The Messenian Leader Guided from the Death Pit by a Fox)

From a painting by Montague Carey, a contemporary American artist

THOUGH the Spartans were acknowledged leaders in the slowly growing nationality of Greece, they were not always unopposed. There were many little wars in which city fought against city, the most noted of these being the two efforts of Messene against Sparta. The second of these inter-city wars brought forth the celebrated Messenian leader Aristomenes.

In the first war the Messenians had been reduced to slavery, except for a few who fled into exile. Aristomenes was born among these exiles. He united Argos and other Greek cities in a struggle against the Spartans, defeated them in a great battle, and reestablished his beloved city Messene. Later he was injured in battle and captured by the Spartans. They threw him with the other dead and wounded into a deep pit, expecting him to die there. But Aristomenes did not give up hope; he carefully nursed his strength until, after days of suffering, he saw a fox in the pit feeding on the dead. Following the beast through dark underground passages Aristomenes was led to the light of a tiny foxhole, and breaking his way through this, escaped.

Again and again the hero led his countrymen against the Spartans; but his followers were outnumbered and crushed at last. They were allowed to withdraw once more into exile, and Messene disappeared from the list of Grecian cities. The exiles founded Messina in Sicily.





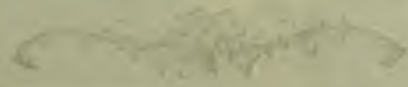


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SAPPHO AND HER SCHOOL
(The Poetess Teaches the Women of Mitylene)

From the painting by Hector Le Roux, a recent French painter of Verdun

WHILE Homer was the greatest poet of ancient Greece, Sappho was its greatest poetess. She was, like him, an Asiatic Greek, being born at Mitylene on the Asiatic island of Lesbos. Indeed in those early days the Asiatic Greeks seem to have been more cultured than their European kin. Sparta was the scene of Grecian military supremacy, but not of intellectual leadership.

We really know little of Sappho except that she lived about 600 B.C. and wrote beautiful odes, some fragments of which have been preserved to us. Legend represents her as having been deeply in love with a very handsome youth named Phaon. Despairing of being beloved, she threw herself from the summit of a cliff into the sea. The cliff was one blessed by the gods with the power of freeing from the pangs of love those who leaped from it, so presumably Sappho was not drowned, but was released from her sorrow. But the legend does not tell us this; the whole story is vague and unsatisfactory.

What we more positively know is that Sappho was highly admired and honored by her Lesbian compatriots. Her head was stamped upon their coins, and she conducted a sort of poetic school at Mitylene. A number of maidens gathered round her to be taught the religious faith and mysteries of the day.







PYTHAGORAS TEACHING

(The Sage Lectures Before the Woman Who Won His Heart)

From a painting by Joseph Coomans, the recent Belgian artist

THESE early Greeks were as remarkable for their study of philosophy as of poetry. Most celebrated among the more ancient of their wise men was Pythagoras. He, also, was an Asiatic Greek, born on the island of Samos. Such was the dignity of his appearance, his wisdom and temperance of action, that many declared he must be the son of a god. He dressed always in a long white robe, he ate no meat, and so austere was his gravity that he was never known to smile or even to show in his features any emotion whatever.

After spending all his early years in travel and study, Pythagoras finally settled in Crotona, one of the Greek cities in Italy. Here he established a school of philosophy and became so celebrated that he was the real ruler of the city. Disciples were not allowed to meet Pythagoras himself until they had proved their intellectual power and their purity of spirit by a long apprenticeship of study. Then at length the master himself lectured to them from behind a curtain; and only finally to a selected few did he reveal himself directly and teach all his views. Yet even this wise and severe philosopher fell in love. There was among his pupils a maiden, Theano, celebrated for her beauty. She was said to be the first woman who studied philosophy; or perhaps it was the philosopher she studied, for he wooed her from the class-room and wedded her.





more; but now about 1000 B.C. there came upon it another destruction, and its downfall this time was final and complete.

A Dorian state was established at Sparta, which became in its turn the chief city of Greece. Another Dorian state arose at Messene; and a third at Argos. The Achæans, who doubtless by now were little different from the pure Ægean Greeks, were partly driven into the mountainous regions north of Sparta and Messene, along the southern coast of the Gulf of Corinth, a land which thereafter was called Achaia. Many of the earlier Greeks were crowded over into Attica, where Athens became their chief city. And, most marked result of all, many Greeks were driven out from the mainland of Greece altogether.

Thus, coincident with the Dorian invasion, began the "colonizing age" of the Greeks. The first swarm of them spread naturally into the islands and across to the Asiatic shores of the Ægean Sea, that land of Troy which they had themselves depopulated less than a century before. Probably there were two hundred years during which this migration was gradually accomplished. Slowly the Peloponnesus became the established centre of Dorian power, and a band of Dorian colonies extended from Southern Greece to Asia and included Crete. Central Greece became what was called Ionian, or Athenian; and colonies of Ionians settled the islands and the Asiatic coast north of the Dorians. Yet north of these were Asiatic colonies of Achæans, or, as these came to be called in Asia, Æolians. For a time at least these colonial cities were more civilized and cultured than those of European Greece, though in a military sense they were less powerful.

This colonizing impulse of the Greeks did not cease with the settlement of the coast of Asia Minor. Indeed, the Asiatic colonies became themselves "mother cities," as they were called, from which other colonies were sent out. Miletus alone is said to have established eighty colonies. The southern coast of Italy became populous with a long line of Grecian cities. The great island of Sicily became almost wholly Greek; and its metropolis, Syracuse, rivalled Athens in its splendor. Sardinia was occupied, and Corsica. The celebrated French city of Marseilles was founded as a Grecian colony, Spain was settled also; and gradually these far western colonies came in contact with those of the Phœnicians under Carthage. Thus between the years 1000 and 500 B.C. the Greeks spread all around the northern Mediterranean, forming a ring of cities which they proudly called the "Greater Greece."

These colonies, unlike the trading cities of the Phœnicians, were most of them agricultural communities. In selecting their sites for settlement the Greeks looked for fertile fields rather than good harbors. Thus the cities were of a much more permanent character than the Phœnician towns, and most of them remain as centres of their various districts even in our own day.

For a time at least these colonizing Greeks outgrew the mother land in intellectual development. We can well image that it was the ablest Greeks who thus set forth from the Peloponnesus rather than submit to Dorian supremacy at home. That earliest of all great poets, Homer, was a native of Asiatic Greece. He was born probably about the year 1000 B.C. at Smyrna, an Achæan colony, wherein the traditions of the war with Troy, that chief triumph of the days of Achæan rulership, would be most warmly cherished and most carefully preserved. Sappho, too, the celebrated poetess of early Greece, was a native of the Achæan island of Lesbos in Asia.

Among the Asiatic colonies appeared also the world-famous Greek philosophers. The earliest of these who was widely recognized was Thales, a native of the city of Miletus. He lived about 600 years before Christ, and is the first man of whom we have it definitely recorded that he travelled in search of knowledge. Naturally, these colonial Greeks were seafarers, but in their wanderings they clung to the seashore as traders, whereas Thales, a man of wealth and influence at home, left his city, his countrymen, and even his ships to spend years of study in foreign lands. The centres of culture which he thus sought were, first, Crete, which was still the traditional home of Greek civilization; second, Tyre and Sidon, the wealthy cities of the Phœnicians; and, third, Egypt, where he remained for years. Thales was an astronomer, who is said to have been the first who reckoned out the eclipses of the sun and was able to foretell them. He was also the founder of geometry, who discovered and demonstrated the first simple relations of lines and spaces and angles which geometry is teaching to this day. And, above all, in the eyes of his own times, he was a "philosopher," that is, he advanced theories which he thought explained the world and its construction, the relations of matter and of mind.

Still more celebrated was the philosopher, Pythagoras, who lived perhaps half a century after Thales. He was also of Asiatic birth, and, like Thales, travelled everywhere to study. When he had, as he thought, solved the problems of existence, he did another thing typical of the Greeks of the time. He went from city to city of his countrymen to select which one was most attractive as a permanent home. He finally decided not upon one of the Asiatic cities nor upon one of those of European Greece, but upon one of the prosperous colonies which had been established in the sunny climate of southern Italy. He settled therefore at Crotona, and there established a "school of philosophy."

Tradition tells us that Pythagoras was a marvellously impressive man. He spoke most beautifully, but most calmly. He wore always a long white robe, with a long white beard and flowing hair. He moved slowly, he ate no meat, and he never showed upon his serene face the trace of any passion or feeling whatsoever. Gradually his influence in Crotona became such that he

was the real ruler of the city. His doctrines spread to other places, until almost every Grecian metropolis had its school of Pythagoreans, a sort of intellectual aristocracy, who not only swayed the thought of the community, but often held political control as well.

In Crotona the followers of Pythagoras attempted at length to establish an oligarchy, that is, a government open only to a few of themselves; but they were defeated and driven out with considerable bloodshed by an uprising of the common folk, the democracy. Similar tumults occurred in other cities, and gradually this "government by philosophers" sank into obscurity. As Pythagoras never wrote down his doctrines, and forbade his followers to do so, his teachings have come down to us only in vague and distorted form, and we really know little of them. They were certainly, however, tremendously admired and influential in his own time.

While, in the world of "Greater Greece," the pen was thus making its first effort to rule the sword, a movement widely different but equally interesting was going on in the home land of Greece itself, the peninsula of the Peloponnesus. This was the effort of the Spartans to create among themselves perfect physical bodies, the acme of bodily health and strength and vigor. Sparta gradually became the most powerful of the little states of the Greek mainland, the centre of the Dorian power, which at first had seemed to lie with Argos.

This supremacy of the Spartans was largely due to their great law-giver, Lycurgus, who lived about 885 B.C. He was a king of Sparta who succeeded his brother on the throne. A son was, however, born to the former king after the father's death, and Lycurgus, recognizing his little nephew's right to the throne, abdicated in his favor. The friends of the babe continually suspected Lycurgus of scheming to regain power, so finally this just and generous leader left Sparta and, in Grecian fashion, journeyed over the known world. He studied everywhere the system of government, seeking to find some way of preventing the outbreaks and street tumults which were so frequent among the Spartans.

When his little nephew had grown to manhood and full kingship, Lycurgus returned home, only to find his countrymen more turbulent than ever. So he planned a revolution of his own, gathering to his aid thirty of the wisest and most respected men of Sparta. The thirty appeared suddenly with drawn swords in the market place, the centre of the city's life. There they forced all the officials to submit to them. The young king, thinking he was to be slain, fled; but Lycurgus persuaded him that he was to be helped, not harmed, and he returned. A system was established by which Sparta was to have two kings and to be ruled by them and by a senate of twenty-eight advisers. These were the thirty supporters of Lycurgus, lacking two who had lost courage and deserted him at the last. Everything the kings and senate did was to be submitted for approval

to a general gathering of the people, so that really this was to be a people's government at heart.

Lycurgus then established a whole system of laws, planned to make his people peaceable at home but powerful abroad. Just what these laws were we do not know; because the Spartans of after years so admired Lycurgus that they attributed all their laws to him, though some must have been of later date and some far older. At any rate, Lycurgus got his people to adopt his laws on trial. He then set out on a religious pilgrimage to the oracle at Delphi. The Spartans took a solemn oath to follow his laws until his return, and as a way of binding them to their pledge forever, he never returned. Going for the second time into voluntary exile for the sake of his country, Lycurgus died there. Thus the Spartans felt themselves pledged forever to his law code, and they obeyed this with a scrupulous fidelity which brought them not only the peace which their great law-giver had desired, but also the military prowess which made them the most successful and admired of the Greeks. "We will not change the laws of Sparta" became the regular form of answer with which the Spartan senate of later days met many a petitioner bringing every possible form of suggestion for improvement.

These Spartan laws and customs seem very curious and very harsh to us today. They forbade every form of ostentation and display. To prevent this they made all their money of iron; thus each coin was so big and yet of so little value that no one could carry much, or buy much with it, or hoard it up in secret. Any large sum would have filled an entire house.

Neither were the people allowed any pampering of their appetites. The men and boys all ate at a common table; the women and girls usually at another in another building. The food supplied was plain but wholesome, consisting chiefly of a noted black broth called the Spartan broth. Only very rarely was even the father of a family allowed to dine or sleep in his own home. His real dwelling was with his countrymen. Even among these, conversation was not encouraged. Each Spartan studied to speak only when he must, and then to compress just as much of meaning and point as possible into the fewest words. Thus the Spartan race became noted for their abruptness and their pithy sayings. Phrases in their style, since the name of the country of Sparta was Laconia, are still called "laconic" speeches.

In the community life which men thus shared together, they devoted themselves to athletic sports. Every boy was regularly trained to take part in these; and it is even said that sickly babies were deliberately put to death, lest they grow up into weakly men and women and thus pull down the physical average of the race.

The Spartans did little work except this constant training for athletics and

for war. There dwelt among them many of the Greeks of older race, and these tilled the farms and shared the produce with their Dorian rulers. The Spartans had also one special kind of Grecian servitors whom they called "Helots." These helots were treated as slaves, or even worse. When they grew too numerous and desperate, the Spartan youths acquired training in the art of war by going out among the helots and slaying such of them as seemed most dangerous.

The youth were also trained in self-repression. They were encouraged to steal, since the practice of thieving developed keenness, quickness, caution, and other warlike qualities. But if caught in theft they were severely punished, not for the deed, but for the blundering which had left them open to detection. Thus we have the well-known story of the Spartan lad who, having stolen a fox, concealed it beneath his cloak; and when it began to bite and tear at his body, he endured the torture without a sign until it killed him, rather than betray himself by any move or outcry.

Naturally these Spartans became celebrated as warriors. The later Athenians used to say in sarcasm that of course the Spartans fought well, because any man would sooner be slain than driven back to endure the grim and narrow life in Sparta. A Spartan mother would give her son his shield as he went forth to battle, saying in laconic fashion, "Return with it or upon it." That is, he was not to throw away his shield in order to flee from a foe. He must keep moving forward and so preserve his shield. If he was slain his comrades carried him home upon that shield as proof that he had died fighting.

In the great national games of Greece, the Spartans were also leaders. Way back in the Trojan war days the Greeks had been very fond of athletic sports, and gradually they established one set of games after another throughout Greece. Most celebrated of these were the "Olympic Games." These were celebrated every fourth year as a religious festival in honor of Jupiter, the great god of Mount Olympus. So important were these considered that the Greeks dated events by them, naming each four years by the victor in the chief contest, which was a running race. So ancient were the Olympic games that we cannot tell when they were first established; but the Greeks began to keep regular record of them in the year 776 B.C. Hence we call that year the "first Olympiad," and from that time onward by noting in what "Olympiad" any event was said to occur we can count up the Olympiads and learn the real date of the event.

This leadership of Sparta both in war and in play was, you may be sure, neither easily won nor easily maintained. Wars between her and the two other great Dorian cities, Argos and Messene, were frequent. Against Messene in particular Sparta fought two celebrated wars, the first terminating in 724 B.C., and the second about 668 B.C.

Messene, you will remember, occupied the westernmost of the three large

divisions of the southern Peloponnesus. The Spartans said they first attacked it because the Messenean sovereign, one of those doubtful descendants of Hercules, had been murdered by his people; and that the Spartans, being his kinsmen, were compelled to avenge him. This sounds as though the native Greek populace of Messene had rebelled against a Dorian ruler, who sought aid from the other Dorian states. At any rate, the result was a war of twenty years, during which the Messeneans abandoned all their villages and towns, and took refuge on the mighty mountain of Ithome, a natural fortress having upon its summit a plain large enough to grow crops for all the defenders. On this mountain *eyrie* they lived, and from it they descended to fight, year after year.

The Messeneans were finally driven even from Ithome. Many of them fled into exile, and the remainder submitted as servitors to the yoke of Sparta. Forty years later there arose among the Messenean exiles a remarkable leader, Aristomenes, who persuaded his companions to return in a body to their native land and reassert their right to it. This caused the second Messenean war.

Aristomenes was the chief national hero of Messene. We are told that he repeatedly defeated parties of the hitherto invincible Spartans, that he even dared to venture into the market-place of Sparta itself, and, as an offering to the gods, he fastened upon the temple door some of the spoils which he had taken from the Spartans themselves. At length he defeated all the hosts of Sparta in a decisive battle, and reestablished the independence of his beloved city.

The discouraged Spartans applied repeatedly to the Delphic oracle for advice against Aristomenes, and were told that to defeat him they must seek a leader from among the Athenians. Hence the Spartans most unwillingly appealed to Athens for a general. The Athenians, equally unwilling to aid Sparta or to offend her, and defy the oracle, thought to turn the prophecy to ridicule by sending to the Spartans the Athenian least fitted of all to lead in war. So they chose an old lame schoolmaster, Tyrtæus. The Spartans received him as contemptuously as he was sent. But Tyrtæus proved the very man they needed. He was a poet, and by his martial songs celebrating the ancient Spartan valor, he so roused the spirit of the people to shame and revenge that Aristomenes and all his army were utterly defeated.

Still the resolute Messenean continued the war, though almost without followers. Hiding amid the mountains, he continued his raids into Laconia. Thrice he was captured by the Spartans, and thrice he escaped almost miraculously. At one time, being cast as dead or dying into a pit from which there was no way of climbing out, he was saved by a fox, which dug its way by subterranean passages to feed upon the dead. Aristomenes, catching the fox's tail, was led by it up to the daylight. On another occasion, a maiden of the

city had a dream from the gods bidding her free the captive Aristomenes, and she did so and fled with him and was wedded to one of his sons.

Clearly, in such tales, we are still dealing with romance rather than with fact. The end alone is certain. Aristomenes abandoned the struggle after nearly twenty years, fought his way through the Spartan army that surrounded his mountain hiding-place, and with a handful of followers fled to Sicily. Here the remnant of the Messencans founded the city known to this day by the name of Messina, which their patriotism led them to assign to it.

Thus Sparta became mistress of two of the three southern valleys of the Peloponnesus. But Argos, enthroned in the third valley, continued to defy and sometimes to do battle with her. In Argos, as in Messene, the Dorian kings were overthrown, and a republic was established, though probably it was a republic still under Dorian leadership. Then in 519 B.C. there came to the throne of Sparta a king, Cleomones, who won a great victory over the Argives. They fled from him, and their city was only saved from capture by the women, who, under the lead of one of their number, Telesilla, manned the walls and defied the assailants.

Cleomenes raised Sparta to the highest pinnacle of her power. Not only did he crush the strength of Argos; he also interfered in the affairs of Athens, and expelled an anti-Spartan ruler from that city. A second time he did the same, but, coming this time with but a small force, he was suddenly attacked by the Athenians, and only escaped through their voluntarily permitting him to go free. Resolved on revenge, he summoned all the forces of Greece to join him, and such was the authority of Sparta that almost all obeyed. But when the gathered allies learned that he purposed to destroy Athens, they refused him their aid, and even his colleague, the second Spartan king, rebuked him for his vindictiveness against a Grecian city.

It is evident that this incident marks a new spirit rising among the Greeks, a sense of nationality; of a bond of brotherhood, a realization that disaster to one city meant disaster to all. With the recognition of that fact, Greek history takes on a new phase, the period of union rather than of discord begins, and Greece steps forward at a bound to assume her place among the leading powers of the ancient world. She fights her remarkable battles against the huge empire of Persia.

But before approaching the story of the Persian war, we must pause to trace the rise of this new power, Athens, which had thus ventured to defy Sparta, and was soon, in the eyes of men, to rank even above that famous city in honor and in splendor.



BAS-RELIEF FROM THE PARTHENON

Chapter XV

ATHENS AND THE GROWTH OF DEMOCRACY



THE city of Athens has long been held up to mankind as the crown of all that was most brilliant in the ancient world. Her citizens became foremost in art and in philosophy, in military and also in literary glory. Moreover, Athens was the greatest, if not the earliest, of the Greek "democracies," states in which the people governed themselves directly, without having recourse to kings or priesthoods. Thus Athens stands as the source of all our modern doctrines of republican government, the type upon which our own American institutions are founded, and by whose errors and downfall we must learn the pitfalls to avoid.

Almost all of these old Greek cities seem to have gone through about the same course, the same cycle, we might call it, of experience in government. At first each was ruled by a king; gradually this king lost his power to what was called an oligarchy, a small collection of powerful aristocrats. From oligarchies the cities passed to tyrannies—that is, some one man seized authority, usually by the aid of the lower classes, and ruled the city with no obedience to any law but that of his own will, no reliance on aught but his own strength. Note that to the Greeks, therefore, this word "tyrant" did not carry the suggestion that

it does to us of savagery and cruelty. It merely implied that the ruler had no legal authority. Generally speaking, the tyrant was a very able and well-intentioned man; almost always he was an attractive and agreeable one; for he held his position only by his influence over others, their trust in him. Usually he arose as the champion of the people, defending them against the really tyrannous oligarchy in which the powerful families crushed all the poor folk beneath their haughty whims. Thus these tyrants led naturally to the fourth condition of the Grecian cities, that in which the people, grown strong enough to do without the leadership of an able tyrant, took the government wholly into their own hands, and established democracies.

The history of Athens offers us a typical case of this development. The Athenians, you will remember, made it their boast that they had never been conquered. Both Achæan and Dorian invaders had passed them by, perchance because their rocky plain was far less fertile than the rich valleys of Argos and of Sparta. Thus the Athenians represented, or claimed to represent, the purest and most ancient Grecian stock, descended from the gods themselves. In other words, we may look upon them as being indeed the old autochthonous Ægean people, artists, sailors, and organizers of law, heirs of the vanished splendor of Crete and of the earliest Argos, brothers of the Asiatic Trojans whose kinship they had forgotten and whose city they had helped destroy. Thus with the fading of these older cities, Athens gradually came to be looked upon as the chief representative of the original Greek stock, the "Ionians," as they were called, to distinguish them from the Dorians.

The Athenian legends of their own earliest days say that their city was founded about 1550 B.C. by King Cecrops, who came from Egypt and gathered the people of the neighborhood and built a city upon the steep rocky hill which we know today as the Acropolis, the sacred hill of Athens, the height which bore all of her most beautiful temples and statues. This city was called, from its founder, Cecropia.

Even in this form the tale would be unreliable, as the Egyptians were never a colonizing race; but it is also embroidered with a mass of fanciful detail in which the deities Neptune and Minerva struggle for the honor of representing the city. Cecrops gave the preference to Minerva, or Athene, as her Greek name was; and after a while the old name of Cecropia was limited to the Acropolis, while the entire settlement became known as the city of Athene, or Athens.

The next great legendary king of Athens was Theseus, who lived in the days of the Argonauts, and joined their expedition. Theseus was adopted as the national hero of the Athenians, and endless legends were told of him. His father the Athenian king was without children—nay, he scarcely dared have any, for he was surrounded by a turbulent crowd of nobles who meant to snatch the

crown for themselves, only that, as the king was childless, they waited for his death, expecting thus to gain the power without a struggle. So the king was united secretly to a princess in a far land, and he told her that if their little son Theseus grew up strong and shrewd she was to send him to claim his inheritance, but not otherwise. The father placed under a huge stone his own sword and sandals, saying that this should be a sign to the mother. When Theseus could himself move that great stone and get the sword, it was time for him to assert his rights. Theseus, on reaching manhood, easily moved the stone, and then set out for Athens. At that time all Greece was talking of the recent deeds of Hercules; and Theseus, determining to imitate him, travelled along the mountain paths fighting every thing he met. His combats, however, are never made supernatural like those of Hercules. Theseus met robbers and wild beasts. Most noted of those he overthrew was the bandit Procrustes, who had an iron bed on which he laid his captives. If they were too tall for it, he cut them down to fit. If they were too short, he stretched them apart upon the rack. The bed of Procrustes has become noted in literature. Theseus defeated him and fastened him to his own bed.

After many such adventures the hero reached Athens. Here he was recognized by the nobles and by that grim sorceress Medea, who had aided the Argonauts and who had become his father's wife. She tried to get his father to poison him in ignorance; and the nobles sought to slay him. But the father recognized his son in time by the token of the sword, and Theseus slew his male opponents and became prince of Athens.

Then comes the story of the Minotaur. Athens was tributary to Crete, and had to send there every year a ship-load of youths and maidens to be slain as religious sacrifices, or, as the legend puts it, they were fed to the minotaur. Theseus went as one of these youths determined to free his country from the awful tribute. He slew the minotaur, which doubtless is a way of saying he defeated the Cretans. He also brought home with him the two daughters of King Minos of Crete, which is perhaps a way of implying that the tribute was reversed.

Yet, even Theseus, great hero as he was, could not retain control of the turbulent Athenians when he succeeded his father on the throne. In his old age he was driven from the city and died in exile. Then his countrymen remembered all his services and brought his body back in honor, and ranked him among the gods.

One other of the old Athenian kings is worth remembrance. This was Codrus, the last of them all. His story brings us down within the limits of real history. Codrus was king about 1060 B.C. when the first Dorian invaders attempted to conquer Attica. The oracle at Delphi predicted that if the Dorians

killed the Athenian king they could not win the city. Thereupon Codrus resolved to sacrifice himself; and, since the Dorians avoided him in battle, he disguised himself as a common soldier, went among the enemy, and, picking a quarrel with some of them, was slain. When the Dorians realized who the victim was, they withdrew from Attica without further struggle. The Athenians declared that no other king could be noble enough to take the place of Codrus, and therefore they would have no more kings.

Without pinning too much faith to the details of this story, we know that its chief outlines are true. The Dorians were repulsed from Attica, and Athens passed from kingship to oligarchy, that is, to the rule of the turbulent aristocracy who had so often threatened to dethrone the earlier kings. These aristocrats controlled Athens for several centuries. Gradually they seized all power. They made what laws they pleased, seized upon the farmers' lands, sold children for their fathers' debts, and reduced the common people to utter misery.

Most prominent of these grasping nobles were the family called the Alcmaeonidae. Of Alcmaeonides, founder of the family's importance, the story is told that he owed his wealth to the Asiatic king Cræsus, whom you will recall as having been overthrown by Cyrus of Persia. Alcmaeonides had befriended many of the subjects of Cræsus who travelled through Athens on their way to consult the Delphic oracle. So Cræsus invited the Athenian to his court, and one day bade him take from the treasury as much gold as he could carry. Alcmaeonides went at the matter thoroughly. He had a voluminous suit made; he put on sandals as broad as he could shuffle in; and after stuffing clothes and sandals with every atom of gold he could stagger under, he loaded down his hair and even his mouth with the precious metal, and thus literally took all the gold he could carry. As he shuffled out of the treasury he was shown to Cræsus, who, instead of being angry at the Athenian's cupidity, laughed heartily at his shrewdness and at the comic figure he presented, and as a reward to Alcmaeonides for the double amusement he thus caused, gave him as much gold again as he had already won.

The son of this Alcmaeonides was called Megacles. During the days when Megacles was foremost of the nobility occurred the first effort to turn Athens from an oligarchy to a tyranny. In the year 610 B.C. a young nobleman named Cylon called all the people to aid him in overthrowing the rule of the nobles. The revolt failed; Cylon escaped in secret, and his followers clung to the shrines of the gods for protection. They were deliberately torn thence and murdered by command of Megacles. Because of this insult to the gods, the entire family of Megacles, the Alcmaeonidae, were thereafter regarded as accursed.

Even before this outbreak, the nobles had agreed that somewhat more consideration must be shown to the common folk. The rulers decided that all the

cruel laws they had passed whenever the impulse seized them should be arranged in a single plainly stated system; thus, at least, the nobles could no longer twist the laws as they willed; and a poor man might know what the law really was, and so avoid breaking it unconsciously. The man who was summoned thus to "codify" the laws was Draco. So severe were many of the old half-forgotten laws that when they were all thus clearly set forth, men were horrified at their severity. Death was made the penalty for every tiny crime, even the stealing of an apple from an orchard. Draco is said to have declared that the smallest crime deserved death, and that he knew of no severer penalty to attach to greater crimes. Of this grim code of laws men said that they were "written in blood," and the word "draconian" remains in use today as signifying a rule unflinchingly severe.

The laws of Draco did not quiet the tumults in Athens. The friends of Cylon continued to aid the common people, especially in their protests against the "accursed Alcmaeonidæ." Supernatural portents were said to betoken the anger of the gods, and threatening ghosts appeared. Disasters overtook the Athenians in a war with the city of Megara. Finally, the Alcmaeonidæ were banished in a body. Even the bones of their dead ancestors were exhumed and sent from the country with solemn formalities to avert the wrath of the gods. At the same time another lawmaker, Solon, was authorized to prepare a new set of laws relieving the misery of the poorer classes.

Solon is the first of the great philosophers who made Athens famous. He was himself descended from the line of the ancient kings of Athens. The laws which he drafted were so just that ultimately they pleased nobody. The nobles thought too much was granted to the commons, who in their turn felt too much was preserved to the nobility. Solon himself said the laws were not the best that could be made, but only the best that the Athenians were ready for. In imitation of the Spartan law-giver, Lycurgus, he pledged the people to abide by his laws for ten years, and then he went into voluntary exile.

On his return he found the city still in disorder. A new leader appeared, seeking to take the place of Cylon, and ride to power on the favor of the poorer people. This was Pisistratus, a relative of Solon. One day Pisistratus appeared suddenly in the market-place covered with blood and cried out that the nobles had sought to kill him as the friend of the commons. Instantly these commons decreed that they would form a bodyguard to protect him. With this guard to help him Pisistratus gradually assumed power over everything, and became "tyrant," the first tyrant of Athens (560 B.C.).

The career of this tyrant Pisistratus was picturesque and varied in the extreme. He seems to have been a wise and good and powerful ruler. Athens prospered under him as she had never done before. Nevertheless, the nobles

were, naturally enough, always plotting against him. The Alcæonidæ, after all the fuss of getting them out of the country, had been allowed to return. Their leader, Megacles, a grandson of that Megacles who had brought the curse upon them, headed an uprising which drove Pisistratus out of Athens. But Megacles quarrelled with his party and formed an alliance with the exiled tyrant, who married a daughter of Megacles, and so won his way to power a second time.

Again he lost his position, and yet again by a sudden invasion of the city he recaptured it. At length he made himself so powerful, and so honored also, that he ruled in peace by general consent. When he died in 528 B.C. he had started Athens on her career of wealth, opening the city to the trade of the world, and also on her career of artistic and philosophic splendor, welcoming learned men to his home and beautifying the city with many noble statues and stately buildings.

He was succeeded, as quietly as a regular king might have been, by his two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus. But they assumed a tone of regal superiority which their shrewd father had avoided. They insulted people, and became true tyrants in our modern sense of being savage and unjust. At length two men whom Hipparchus had wronged determined to avenge themselves and free the city. These men, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, planned to slay the two brothers together; but fearing that their plot was betrayed, they rushed suddenly on Hipparchus, whom they most hated, and slew him in his brother's absence. The assailants were themselves both killed. In after days the Athenians looked back to Harmodius and Aristogeiton as national heroes, the first martyrs to the cause of democracy, thinking of them as the Romans thought of the first Brutus.

After this assault, the surviving brother, Hippias, became bitter and suspicious. He slew all whom he suspected of being in the plot, and imprisoned and tortured many of the Athenians for evil reasons. Tyranny showed itself in its natural colors.

It was the Alcæonidæ who rescued Athens from Hippias. They had withdrawn from the city in fear of Pisistratus; but they were always seeking an opportunity to return. They made friends with the Delphic oracle and so worked upon its priesthood that every time the powerful Spartans sent to consult the oracle they got but one answer: "Athens must be freed." Seeing no other way of getting their own religious affairs attended to, and being averse to tyrants anyway as representing an illegitimate form of government, the Spartans finally sent a small force against Athens. It was defeated, and then their whole army came under their great king, Cleomenes. Of this expedition you have already heard. Many of the Athenians aided the Spartans. Hippias

and his immediate followers were besieged on the Acropolis. Their children were captured by a lucky stroke; and to ransom the little ones, Hippias agreed to leave the country.

To the Spartans it seemed obvious that the overthrow of the tyrant meant the restoration of the oligarchy. But this was not the Athenian view of the situation. True, the Alcmaeonidæ and other nobles returned to the city, and most of the government passed temporarily into their hands. But many of the nobility themselves now favored a democracy; and when the head of the Alcmaeonidæ, Cleisthenes by name, stood forward as leader of the people's party he easily overruled the few nobles who clung to the ancient system. These reactionaries, as we would call them now, appealed to the Spartans for aid, and again Cleomenes took possession of Athens.

He came this time as a friend and adviser. He insisted that for the old religious reason the "accursed Alcmaeonidæ" must be expelled. To this the Athenians agreed. But Cleomenes then went on to exile seven hundred other families pointed out to him by the reactionaries as leaders of the popular party; and he placed the nobles in control of everything.

Suddenly and desperately the Athenians rebelled. They had been too long in freedom to consent to go back to the old days of serfdom to a haughty oligarchy. Cleomenes and his small force were besieged with their Athenian friends upon the Acropolis. They were without provisions and surrendered. The Athenians let Cleomenes and his Spartans return home in peace, but his Athenian adherents they slew as traitors to the city.

In such sudden and violent manner did democracy assume the ascendant in Athens. The people expected a war with Sparta; they summoned home Cleisthenes and the other exiles. But you will recall how the vengeance of the Spartan king against Athens was checked by the growing spirit of nationality among the Greeks.

Two of the smaller Grecian states, urged on by King Cleomenes, did attack the Athenians, but were severely defeated. Athens in the new vigor of a united democracy had "found herself." At one stride she stepped forward to a position of power in Greek affairs second only to that of Sparta. And even with Sparta she had shown herself ready to fight, if fight she must. To the Greek world a new lesson was taught—the strength which inheres in every true democracy, because its people feel that they are fighting, not for a king or a few nobles who will seize all the profit, but for themselves, their own homes and happiness. A new power was revealed, the power of patriotism.



MOUNT OLYMPUS AND THE VALE OF TEMPE

Chapter XVI

MARATHON

WE have now reached a momentous period in the history of Greece. We have learned in our study of Persia of the rise of that monarchy, whose might for a time threatened to overshadow the world. This immense kingdom was founded by Cyrus, extended by Cambyses, and welded and consolidated by Darius. Cræsus, king of Lydia, had succeeded in conquering the Greek cities on the coast of Asia Minor, after which he himself was subjugated by Cyrus; in this manner the Greek cities named came under the dominion of Persia.

It may be well to recall that Darius in consolidating his empire divided his vast dominions into twenty provinces, and fixed the tribute they were to pay to the royal treasury. Each province was ruled by a satrap or governor, and Darius was the first Persian king who coined money. His ambition and the aggressiveness of his people would not allow him to rest satisfied with the boundaries of his vast possessions. He determined to attack Scythia in Europe, on the wide plain between the Danube and the Don, peopled by a numerous body of fierce savage tribes. Accordingly, he collected an immense army and fleet. His ships were ordered to sail up the Danube and to throw a bridge of boats across the river, while his army marched through Thrace, crossed the Danube by this bridge, after which the fleet was to break down the structure and follow the army to Scythia. Reminded, however, of thus destroying the means of retreating, he told the Asiatic Greeks, in whose care he left it, to hold it intact

for sixty days. If he did not return at the end of that time, they could break down the bridge and sail home. Then he marched away.

The sixty days and more came and went without bringing any signs of the Persian army. Instead, a body of Scythians appeared, with news that Darius had been defeated and was in full flight before the Scythians, who would destroy him and his army if the bridge failed them. They vehemently urged the Greeks to seize this chance of annihilating the Persian host and recovering their own liberty, by breaking down the structure. Many were inclined to act upon this counsel, but it was not done, and finally Darius arrived with his weary army and safely crossed the network of boats.

The failure of this expedition did not cause Darius to abandon his plans of conquest. Although returning to Sardis himself, he left an army of eighty thousand under Megabazus, to subjugate Thrace and the Greek cities upon the Hellespont. Megabazus completed the task with little difficulty. After subduing the Thracians he crossed the Strymon and pressed his way as far as the borders of Macedonia, into which he sent heralds to demand earth and water as a sign of submission. These were granted, and thus in 510 B.C. the Persian dominions were extended to the frontiers of Thessaly.

Several years of profound peace followed, and then a tiny flame was kindled, which spread into a conflagration whose glare crimsoned the skies of Greece and Asia. It was about the year 502 B.C., that an uprising took place on the Greek island of Naxos, one of the most important of the Cyclades, and the oligarchical party were driven from the island. They applied for help to Aristagoras, Tyrant of Miletus, the leading Ionian city in Asia, and he gladly gave it, knowing that if the exiles were restored he would become master of the island. But Aristagoras speedily found he was not strong enough to carry out this plan, and he went to Sardis to secure in turn the aid of Artaphernes, the Persian satrap of Asia Minor, who was shown that he would be able to annex not only Naxos but the rest of the Cyclades, and even the important island of Eubœa. When Aristagoras assured the satrap that failure was impossible, that he needed only two hundred ships with their forces, and that he himself would defray all the expenses, it is no wonder that Artaphernes did as he wished.

Everything being ready, the Naxian exiles were taken on board and Aristagoras sailed toward the Hellespont. The incidents which followed were curious and interesting. Reaching Chios, Aristagoras dropped anchor off the western coast, meaning, as soon as a fair wind arose, to sail across to Naxos. The Persian general, like a prudent commander, made a personal examination of his fleet to assure himself that all was in readiness. He was enraged to find one of the vessels without a single man on board. He ordered the captain of the ship to be brought before him, and then commanded him to be put in chains

with his head thrust through one of the port-holes of his own vessel. Now it so happened that this captain was a valued friend of Aristagoras, who immediately set him free and warned the Persian general that his rank was subordinate to his own. Naturally the Persian was not soothed by this treatment, and as soon as night came he sent a message to the Naxians warning them of their danger. Until then they had had no thought that the expedition was intended to act against them. They hurriedly carried their property into the city and made preparations to withstand a long siege. The Persian fleet arrived, but was repulsed by the resolute resistance, and several months later gave up the siege and returned to Miletus.

Aristagoras was in a desperate plight. He had made a bitter enemy of the Persian general and had deceived Artaphernes, so that no favor was to be expected from the Persian government. Probably, too, he would soon be called upon to pay the expenses of the disastrous expedition. There seemed but one possible way out of his dilemma: that was to stir up his countrymen to revolt against Persia. And while he was meditating over the step, lo! a message came, urging him to do that very thing.

You could never guess the cunning way this message was sent, nor why. It came from Histiaëus, uncle of Aristagoras, and his predecessor as Tyrant of Miletus. The Persian king, fearing the power of Histiaëus as the most influential man among the Asian Greeks, had carried him, half as friend, half as prisoner, to Persia. Histiaëus' only purpose in advising a revolt was the belief that Darius would send him to put it down and thus give him the liberty for which he so ardently yearned. He shaved the head of a trusty slave, branded the few words necessary upon his shining poll, and then kept him until the hair grew out again. Then he sent him to his nephew, with the significant request to shave the head of the slave. This being done, the full meaning of the words broke upon Aristagoras, who hesitated no longer to take the exceedingly dangerous step. He called the leading citizens of Miletus before him, explained his plan, and asked their advice. All, with one exception, approved his course.

This important point being settled, the next was to persuade the other Greek cities in Asia to unite with them. Then the Grecian Tyrants, most of whom were with the fleet, were seized as they returned from Naxos, and a democratical form of government was established throughout all the Greek cities in Asia and the adjoining islands, followed by a "Declaration of Independence" from Persia. Thus the die was cast.

Aristagoras acted with vigorous promptness. Without waiting for the Persians to gather their forces to strike, he crossed to Greece to beg the help of the powerful states. First, of course, he went to Sparta, where he met with a singular experience. He told so winning a story to Cleomenes, showing how

easily the Spartans could march straight to the Persian capital and secure the measureless riches there, that the king told his suppliant he would take three days to think over the matter. When at the appointed time Aristagoras came back, Cleomenes quietly asked how far Susa was from the sea. "It is a journey of three months," replied Aristagoras, failing to see the drift of the question. "Stranger," severely interrupted the king, "you are an enemy of the Spartans if you wish them to journey three months' distance from the sea. Quit Sparta before sunset."

Aristagoras' heart was so set upon the success of his errand that he went to the house of the king and tried to bribe him. He offered a large sum and probably would have succeeded, for those Greeks were very open to such arguments, had not the little daughter of the king warned him to flee before he was tempted into sin. That ended the mission, and Aristagoras did not waste another hour in Sparta.

He went direct to Athens, then the second city in importance in Greece. There his heart was warmed by his reception. Since she was the mother city of the Ionic states, it was impossible for her not to sympathize with her kinsmen. The people voted to send twenty ships to their assistance. The Athenian fleet crossed the *Ægean*, and five sails from Eretria united with them. Leaving the ships at Ephesus, and being joined by a large force of Ionians, Aristagoras led an expedition into the interior. Artaphernes was caught unprepared, and he and his small force retreated into the citadel, leaving the town of Sardis at the mercy of the invaders. While they were plundering the houses, one of these was accidentally set on fire, and the whole city was quickly wrapped in flames. Being deprived of a refuge, the people gathered in the market place. While huddled there, they discovered to their astonishment that they were more numerous than their enemies. They determined to attack them, and while preparing to do so, were joined by a large number of reinforcements. The Ionians and Athenians saw their own danger and began a hurried retreat. Before they could reach the shelter of Ephesus, they were overtaken by the Persians, who routed them with dreadful slaughter. The surviving Ionians scattered to their cities, and the Athenians, scrambling on board their ships, sailed away.

When Darius heard of the burning of Sardis, he was thrown into a furious rage. "Who are those Athenians?" he roared, "that have dared to do this?" On being told, he seized his bow and viciously launched an arrow high in the sky, uttering a prayer to Jove that he would permit him to avenge himself upon the presumptuous Athenians. Then he ordered one of his servants to say to him three times each day, "Sire, remember the Athenians!" It will be seen that there was little danger of the monarch forgetting his purpose.

Meanwhile, the uprising was fast growing formidable. The flames spread to the Grecian cities in Cyprus, as well as to those on the Hellespont and the Propontis, while the Carians joined in the revolt. Against the rebels Darius launched the whole prodigious power of his empire. A Phœnician fleet, carrying an immense force of Persians, brought Cyprus under submission, and the Carians and the Greek cities of Asia were relentlessly pressed to the wall. Aristagoras in his despair deserted his countrymen, and with a force of Milesians sailed for the Thracian coast, where he was killed while besieging a town.

Darius was suspicious of the part played by Histæus, but that wily individual not only convinced him of his innocence, but induced him to send him into Ionia to help the Persian generals in putting down the rebellion. When Histæus reached Sardis, Artaphernes bluntly accused him of treachery, and Histæus prudently fled to the island of Chios, but every one suspected him; the Milesians denied him admittance to the town, and the Ionians refused to have him for their leader. Finally, he managed to secure several galleys from Lesbos, with which he sailed toward Byzantium and turned pirate, seizing prey wherever he could find it. While making a raid on the coast of Mysia, he was captured by the Persians and carried to Sardis, where Artaphernes caused him to be crucified and sent his head to Darius, who gave it honorable burial and condemned the act of his satrap.

Previous to this, and in the sixth year of the revolt (495 B.C.), when it was partly suppressed, Artaphernes determined to attack Miletus by sea and land. That city was the key to the insurrectionary districts, and, if it could be taken, its capture was sure to be followed by the submission of the others. With this end in view, Artaphernes collected all his land forces near the city and ordered the Phœnician fleet to approach Miletus. Since the defenders were not strong enough to resist the army, they decided to leave the city to its own defences on the land side, while all their forces went on board the ships.

The fleet assembled at a small island near Miletus, the number being not much more than one-half of that belonging to the Phœnicians. But the Ionians were so noted for their nautical skill, that the enemy was afraid to attack them. The Persians ordered the Tyrants who had been expelled from the Grecian cities, and were serving in the Persian fleet, to do their utmost to persuade their countrymen to desert the common cause. The effort was made, but in every instance failed.

There was no discipline in the Ionian fleet. The men left the ships and scattered over the island, refusing to obey orders, and even going to the length of opening communication with the expelled Tyrants, to whom they promised to desert their comrades in time of battle.

Under such circumstances the Persian commanders did not hesitate to attack

the vessels. Just as the battle was about to open, the Samian vessels treacherously sailed away, and directly afterward the Lesbians did the same; but the hundred ships of the Milesians fought with unsurpassable heroism until they were crushed by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

This was the decisive struggle of the war. Miletus was soon taken by storm. Nearly all the men were slain, and the few who were spared were carried with the women and children into slavery. Similar harshness was shown in the cases of the other Greek cities in Asia and the neighboring islands. Chios, Tenedos, and Lesbos were desolated, and the Persian fleet carried death and destruction up to the Hellespont and Propontis. At Byzantium and Chalcedon the inhabitants fled, and the distinguished Athenian Miltiades barely escaped by making all haste to Athens.

The cup of Ionia was full. The Asiatic Greeks had been conquered by Cræsus of Lydia, then by Cyrus, and now they were the captives and slaves of Darius; and the last was the worst of all. Artaphernes devoted himself to establishing an orderly government, and did what he could to heal the bleeding wounds of the subject province (494 B.C.).

Darius had not yet punished Athens for what to him was her unpardonable crime against his authority. His fury was as hot as ever, and now that the Ionic revolt had been subdued, he made his preparations for striking a terrific blow against that gallant little commonwealth. Mardonius, his son-in-law, was ambitious and longed for a chance of winning glory on the field of battle. Darius removed Artaphernes from the government of the Persian provinces bordering on the Ægean, and appointed Mardonius in his place. A large armament was placed at the command of Mardonius, with orders that he should send to Susa all the Athenians and Eretrians who had insulted the Great King. The task was a congenial one to Mardonius, who crossed the Hellespont, and, marching through Thrace and Macedonia, brought under subjection such tribes as still defied Persian authority. With so powerful a force, this was easy work against the undisciplined barbarians.

But disaster was at hand. He had sent the fleet to double the promontory of Mount Athos and join the army at the head of the Gulf of Therma, when a tremendous hurricane destroyed three hundred of the ships and drowned twenty thousand of the men. While in Macedonia, Mardonius had his army almost cut to pieces in a night attack by an independent Thracian tribe, and though he stayed long enough to subdue the country, he was obliged to retreat across the Hellespont, and, shamed and humiliated, he returned to the Persian court.

This failure only roused the anger of Darius to greater intensity than before. He would not rest until he had humbled Athens to the dust, and he began his preparations on so colossal a scale that it seemed nothing short of the direct

interposition of heaven could save Greece from extinction. Before beginning his fearful work, he sent heralds to the principal Grecian states, demanding from each earth and water as a symbol of submission. When the herald reached Athens, he was flung into an excavation in the earth, while the messenger who visited Sparta was tumbled into a well and told to help himself to all the earth and water he wanted. In nearly every other instance, however, the Grecian cities were so cowed by the subjugation of Ionia, that they complied with the demands of Darius. In the case of Ægina, the first maritime power in Greece, the people hated the Athenians as much as they feared Darius. They had been at war for several years with Athens, and welcomed the promise of seeing her pride humbled. The Athenians sent ambassadors to Sparta, charging the Æginetans with having betrayed the common cause of Greece by sending the symbol to the barbarians, and demanding that Sparta, as the leading state of Hellas, should punish them for the crime. The Spartans sent to Ægina, and, taking away ten of its leading citizens, placed them as hostages in the hands of the Athenians. The noteworthy fact about this is that it was the first time in Grecian history that the Greeks appear as having a common political cause, and Sparta was recognized by Athens as entitled to the leadership. It was the impending peril from the Persians that brought about this union, so fraught with momentous results.

Darius was busy all this time in completing his preparations for the invasion of Greece. In the spring of 490 B.C., he assembled an immense army in Cilicia, under the command of Datis, a Median, and Artaphernes, son of the satrap of the same name in Sardis. Their fearful resolve was to reduce the cities of Athens and Eretria to ashes, and carry off the inhabitants as slaves, while all the other cities that had not sent earth and water to the Persian king were to be brought under subjection. Thousands of fetters were taken along with which to bind the hapless people, and Darius was warranted in believing that failure was the most unlikely thing that could happen to his hosts. There were six hundred galleys, and numerous transports for horses, ready to receive the troops on board.

The army set sail for Samos, and, remembering the disaster to Mardonius, Datis decided to pass directly across the Ægean to Eubœa, bringing under subjection the Cyclades on his way. The Naxians, seeing their city about to be attacked, fled to the mountains, and the invaders burnt it to the ground. The other islands of the Cyclades made haste to give their submission, for it would have been madness to resist.

The first fighting took place at Eretria, which, knowing the fate intended for it, held out bravely for six days, when it fell through the treachery of two of its citizens. The city was destroyed and the inhabitants were put in chains,

as a part of the plan of Darius. Having accomplished one object of the invasion, Datis now crossed over to Attica and landed on the plain of Marathon.

Meanwhile, as may be supposed, Athens was awake to her peril, and made tremendous exertions to meet it. All her available forces had been placed under the command of her ten generals, who, it will be remembered, were yearly selected. Among these was Miltiades, who as Tyrant of the Chersonesus, had won a reputation as one of the bravest of men and the possessor of signal military ability. It was he who accompanied Darius on his invasion of Scythia, and did his utmost to persuade the Ionians to destroy the bridge of boats and thus overwhelm the Persian monarch with ruin. While the Persians were occupied in putting down the Ionic revolt, Miltiades captured Lemnos and Imbros, drove out the Persian garrisons and the Pelasgian inhabitants, and turned over the islands to the Athenians.

Knowing all this, the Persian leaders would have exchanged thousands of their men for Miltiades. None knew this better than Miltiades himself, who, upon the appearance of the Phœnician fleet in the Hellespont, after the suppression of the Ionic revolt, hurriedly sailed for Athens with five ships. The Phœnicians pursued, but were unable to overtake him, though they captured one of the vessels commanded by his son. The enemies of Miltiades brought him to trial on the charge of tyranny while ruler of the Chersonesus, but he was not only acquitted, but elected one of the ten generals who were to meet the Persian invasion.

In the very hour that Athens heard of the fall of Eretria, its swiftest runner was sent to Sparta to beg for assistance. One hundred and fifty miles separate the two cities, yet the runner covered the distance in forty-eight hours. The aid asked for was promised, but a superstition prevented giving it until the full of the moon, which was several days distant. Darius, however, did not tarry for any such cause, nor could the Athenians afford to do so.

The latter had advanced to Marathon, where they encamped on the mountains surrounding the plain. Upon receiving the answer of the Spartans, the ten generals held a council of war. Half were opposed to fighting the overwhelming army until the arrival of the Lacedæmonians, but the others, led by Miltiades, insisted upon not losing a moment in attacking them; for, by doing so, they would have the measureless advantage of the enthusiasm of their men, and would forestall any treachery among their own people. It must be admitted that with all their valor the Greeks were plentifully supplied with traitors, and more than once those in whom the fullest trust was reposed were bribed to betray their country.

Since the vote was a tie, the decision fell upon Callimachus, the Polemarch, for we have learned that down to this time the third Archon was a col-

league of the ten generals. Miltiades, seconded by two other generals, Themistocles and Aristides, argued so earnestly with him that he was convinced, and voted for immediate battle. It was the practice for each general to command in rotation the army for a day, but all agreed to place their days of command in the hands of Miltiades, and it was surely a wise proceeding to have everything in the hands of a single person, whose ability had been proven.

An inspiring occurrence took place while the Athenians were preparing for battle. They had given help to Plataea years before when she was attacked by the Thebans, and now the Plataeans sent their whole force to the help of the Athenians, consisting of one thousand heavy-armed men. Athens never forgot this favor. The whole Athenian army consisted of only ten thousand heavy armed soldiers; they had no archers or cavalry, and only a few slaves as light-armed attendants. We have no means of knowing the strength of the Persian army, except that it was more than ten times that of the gallant body which girded up its loins and made ready to rush forward into the life-or-death struggle.

The plain of Marathon is six miles long and at its broadest part in the middle about two miles wide. It is curved like a crescent, each end of which is a promontory extending into the sea, with marshes at the northern and the southern point. There is hardly a tree on the flat plain, which is inclosed on every side toward the land by rugged mountains, which cut it off from the rest of Greece.

"The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea."

The Persian fleet was drawn up along the beach, and the army formed about a mile from shore. Gazing down upon them were the Athenians who occupied the rising ground, from end to end, so that the mountain prevented the enemy from flanking them and sending their cavalry around to attack them in the rear. This line, however, was so extensive that it could not be fully occupied, without being weakened at some portion. Miltiades met this difficulty by drawing up the troops in the centre in thin files, relying mainly upon the deeper masses at the wings. The post of honor, the extreme right, was given to the Polemarch Callimachus, while the equally difficult post, the far left, was held by the Plataeans.

It must be remembered, in the first place, that the trained army drawn up in battle array on the plain was ten or twelve times as numerous as the Greeks, and the renown of the Medes and Persians was equal to theirs. They had been engaged for centuries in sweeping dynasties and monarchies out of existence; the Median, Lydian, Babylonian, and Egyptian empires had crumbled under their tread, and since those woeful days the Asiatic Greeks had felt the iron heel

of the conqueror. In truth, the Medes and Persians had never been defeated by the Greeks in battle, and their name had long filled all people with terror.

Miltiades was eager to come to close quarters, and ordered his men to advance on the "double quick" over the mile of plain which separated the two armies. The Persians viewed this charge as if made by madmen, and calmly awaited the moment when they should come within reach and go down like ripe grain before the reaper. But those ardent Greeks, shouting their war-cry, assailed their enemies with the fury of a cyclone. Each wing was successful and the Persians were tumbled back toward the beach and the marshes, but the weak Greek centre was broken through and put to flight. Miltiades called back the wings from the pursuit of the enemy, and hurled them upon the centre, overthrowing the Persians, who scattered in a panic and hurried after their friends that had made such desperate haste to scramble aboard the ships. The impetuous Athenians strove to burn the vessels, but succeeded in destroying only seven. The enemy were driven to the wall and fought with the energy of desperation.

In this memorable battle the Persians lost more than six thousand men, while of the Athenians only one hundred and ninety-two fell; but among them was the valiant Polemarch Callimachus and several of the most noted citizens of Athens.

As soon as the Persians were safely aboard their ships, they sailed in the direction of Cape Sunium. Suddenly a burnished shield shone out like the sun from the crest of one of the Attican mountains. The watchful Miltiades saw it, and noted the course taken by the fleet. Suspecting the meaning of the signal, he marched his army with all haste back to Athens. The signal in truth was an invitation to the Persian fleet to attack the city while the army was absent, and it set out to do so. Miltiades arrived just in time to save it from certain capture. When the Persians were about to land, they saw the very soldiers from whom they had fled at Marathon, and they had no wish to meet them again. The invasion was given up in despair, and the fleet returned to Asia.



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